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EAST AND WEST SERIES

AN INTERPRETER OF THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT

9/224

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SRI KRISHNA

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Sri Krishna and the New Age

By T. L. VASWANI

Sri Krishna has inspired love and devotion in many lands. The call of the flute fascinated some Muslim singers. And through Sri Chaitanya, the message of the Lord of Love shaped Bengali thought and life and literature. Not a few Christians in the West have felt the fascination of the life and teaching of the Lord.

Sri Krishna is a tremendous *shakti*, an Energy that has widened with the process of the suns. Krishna's influence continues to grow and spread all over the world.

The pictures of Krishna that would be loved the most in the coming days are these two:—(1) the picture of Krishna as the Teacher, the Master who gave the message enshrined in the *Bhagavad Gita*; and (2) the picture of Krishna as a Servant of the poor, as the Healer of the broken, bleeding ones.

True it is, Krishna has a message of beauty. But the beauty of the higher type is not a matter of colour and glamour and glitter of clothes or ornaments. Beauty of the higher type is dark beauty. It is the beauty of the *tapasvin*, the beauty of the lover of the poor, the beauty of him whose hands and clothes are soiled in the service of the poor. Of this dark beauty, Sri Krishna is an embodiment. Hence the eternal value of his life and message to the human race.

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If India will assimilate the message of the Lord's Gita,—the message of the Eternal Spirit,—she can be of great service to the West. For the West suffers today from a triple malady,—materialism, mechanism and efficiency,—the *maya* of "modernism." It is to be deeply regretted that temples and universities in India have for a long time been cut off from a living touch with the personality and message of Sri Krishna. Let India bring back Krishna in her politics and public life, her education and daily life. Let India bear witness to Sri Krishna's message of the Spirit.

Once India lived. Her life was in communion with the Eternal. Today, she wanders in unrest. She lives not, except in memory of what once she was and is no more. She will live again in the day she will verify and enrich the Gita's vision of the Spirit in the new age. Her world-mission in the coming days is to reveal the synthesis of freedom and spirituality. To be truly spiritual, says the Gita, is to be truly free. For spirituality is inner liberation : and out of the inner are the issues of outer life. This is the *Raja Marga*, the Royal Path which, blending into one, *karma*, *bhakti*, *gnana*,—action, devotion and wisdom,—leads unto the Eternal Spirit,—the Source of all that is. This message of harmony makes the Gita the world's greatest scripture of synthesis and *shakti*.

At this hour, vice and vanity, luxury and pride have sapped the inner strength of civilisation. At this hour, mechanism sits oppressively on the heart of life. At this hour, Humanity lies wounded in the house of Her own children who have renounced the worship of Eternal Values and

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built altars to the Gods of "State," "Empire," "Race." At this hour, in the silent spaces of the night that is creeping over the nations, comes the call of Sri Krishna, the call of the Gita:—"Stand up, O Arjuna! and act unafraid, offering thy all to the Eternal Spirit!"

The people, alas! alike in the East and West are in bondage. And men are needed everywhere,—men and women, sons and daughters of Sri Krishna,—to stand up and re-build the nations on the supreme reality of *atmagnan*,—the life in the Spirit!

THE VISION OF LOKAMANYA TILAK *

Tilak promised young India no seats in the assemblies, no portfolios in the ministries. Tilak asked young India to be trained in the Hard School. But he gave them self-assertiveness : he gave them confidence in India and her destiny.

He saw, what most of us are beginning to see only today, the downward trend of Europe. And he asked India to beware of imitation. This great lover of the Gita and India's heroic age in the long ago, this patriot who revered Ramdas, Sai Baba and other saints, believed in the ideals of ancient *rishis*. He believed, therefore, in India's regeneration through the simple life and the true *kshatrya* spirit. But he understood, too, that India could not stand aloof from modern world-forces.

—T. L. VASWANI
(In an address)

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Life can be Changed !

By HENRY THOMAS HAMBLIN

I like to think of the human mind as a sensitive recording instrument, set in the midst of a sea of thought. We do not think so much as receive thoughts. Indeed, we cannot prevent thoughts from entering the mind, but we can dismiss those which are destructive and weakening, and also retain those which are constructive and strengthening.

If we were to allow weakening thoughts to remain in our mind and give them attention, they would attract other thoughts of a similar kind, the result of which would be that our mind would be filled with negative and destructive thoughts, which, in turn, might bring us down to the brink of despair, and would certainly make us weak and ineffective.

On the other hand, if we reject all fearful and negative thoughts, and concentrate instead upon their positive opposites, a most pleasing and satisfying result is brought about.

We are not reponsible for evil thoughts coming to us and entering our mind, but if we entertain them and cultivate them, then we must reap the bitter fruit which will surely follow.

If we think an evil thought and, as it were, become one with it, then we get attached to the evil power which that particular thought represents. Evil-thinking connects us up with internal

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forces. Whereas, right thinking links us up with heavenly powers.

Nothing could be simpler than that. Truth teaching is always simple. Jesus, our great teacher, did not propound difficult doctrinal theories. What he said, when he began to preach, was:—"Change your minds (and reverse your thinking), for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand or nigh you!" And this could only mean that we were to think or accept heavenly thoughts instead of evil ones. That was all. Could anything be simpler?

In *Philippians* (3 : 20), we are told that we are citizens of Heaven. We belong to Heaven, and therefore we should think only thoughts of a corresponding nature.

Right thinking, as taught by Jesus Christ, is thinking after the pattern of Heaven,—thinking thoughts of love instead of hatred, joy instead of sadness, trust instead of fear, wholeness instead of sickness, and the perfect supply of all one's needs.

Beginners say, of course, that it is impossible to do this. That it is not possible to reverse our thoughts. Is not there some simpler way? Yes, there is, but it demands a certain amount of discipline.

This better way is to do something which will change our mind pattern, after which thinking right thoughts becomes natural and automatic.

There is an inner realm of peace and power into which we can retire and commune with God, the One Centre and Source of the universe, both visible and invisible. When we make contact, we become conscious of infinite power, also, we

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enter into God's inward peace. After this, we find that God's peace also is flowing through us like a river.

Every thought that we entertain has its correspondence in the world of spirit. Therefore our life becomes even as we think,—in other words, an out-picturing of our thoughts. If we can but keep our thoughts in heavenly places, then all difficulties can be overcome and every obstacle turned into a stepping-stone to higher things.

Most of us have to learn through experience. We find ourselves confronted by difficulties and obstacles so great that it seems impossible for us to move. We appear to be completely shut in and brought to a standstill. The thing to do then is to attempt the most difficult and seemingly impossible thing, viz. to go forward, putting our whole trust in God. Then we find the way is really open before us and that it never has been closed.

But we can change our thoughts and our minds, even as Jesus said. Indeed, in course of time, we become so transformed, that we no longer respond to thoughts of a wrong type, consequently, they are unconsciously deflected. The acceptance of good thoughts becomes habitual, so that we become natural right thinkers. That is to say, it is just as natural for us to attract and accept good thoughts, as, at one time, it was natural for us to attract and accept evil thoughts.

If we are attuned to the good, the beautiful and the true, then we attract thoughts of that character, and they fill us with joy and satisfaction.

What is needed is that we change, not only

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the pattern of our habitual thinking, but also that we contemplate our highest concept of beauty, order and perfection. We should set aside a portion of our time to this practice of contemplation of the Ideal Goodness. This practice remoulds us into the Divine pattern. Of course, such a radical change takes time to achieve, and needs patience and persistence. But, if we persevere, gradually we become changed. It is as though our mind were tuned into another wavelength.

The mind of the unawakened man is only too often a cesspit of impurity. His thoughts revolve round an evil centre. This, however, can be changed. We can enthrone a new ideal and contemplate a divine picture of loveliness. This sets our imagination at work in a new direction. As Jacob Boehme taught, our troubles are due to our wrong imagination. Our imagination is the creative part of our mind. Therefore, if this is not directed towards the perfect, it will surely bring forth imperfection.

Consequently, Jacob Boehme urges us to create after the pattern of the All-Wise Imagination.

Therefore let us pray not for more transient things, but rather for that perfection "which fadeth not away."

St. Paul said:—"Set your affections on things above, and not on things of the earth."

O Lord of Life and Light ! Bless me by breaking me ! And break me to make me new ! Make me a child of Love !

T. L. VASWANI

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I Was Thinking

BY HOSEPHA MURRAY EMMS

I was thinking that if we were only as willing to overlook the faults of others as we are to expect others to overlook ours, how much it would do to cement human relations.

I was thinking that if those of us who have elderly persons in their homes would show them more love and affection and would help them feel important, how much less medical attention they would need, and how much of the bitterness attributed to old age would disappear.

I was thinking that if each of us would shut our greed and hatred from our hearts, the world would be a better place, and one day wars would vanish from it.

I was thinking if each of us would refuse to listen to cruel gossip and never pass along unkind words, how much less heartache there would be and how much richer our souls would grow.

I was thinking if we would all fill our heart with music, the songs of birds, the whispering of winds, the melody of music, the music of poetry and song, the laughter of children, and if we have deeper faith in the Creator of all this beauty, what fine people we would become.

—*Fellowship In Prayer.*

Religion? Let us talk of it less,—practise more !

T. L. VASWANI

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What Is Prayer ?

BY T. L. VASWANI

What is prayer? Prayer is out-pouring of the heart.

What is prayer? Prayer is offering flowers plucked from the garden of the heart.

What is prayer? Prayer is the cry of the wounded heart to the Beloved.

What is prayer? Prayer is the soul's ascent to the mount of vision.

This word, this English word, "prayer," means, literally, "asking." I recall the words of Jesus spoken on a memorable occasion to his disciples. Jesus said :—"Ask and it shall be given to you."

Prayer is "asking." Asking for what? And asking how? Prayer is asking for the key to the treasures of the Spirit-world.

And I sometimes say prayer is a voyage of discovery. For, if you but know how to pray, you begin to discover a mighty world around you,—the Spirit-world. And even as you learn to pray, more and more, you come in touch, more and more, with the Spirit-world. To pray is to receive the key to a mighty spiritual treasure. Jesus asked his disciples to ask of the Master.

How shall we ask? And what shall we ask? We have a beautiful word for "prayer" in the ancient Indian language, the Sanskrit language. That word is, *upasna.* Do you know what *upasna* means? The literal meaning of the word is, *up-asna,* "sitting under." That is prayer,—

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"sitting under" the influence of the Spirit. And sitting here with you, beneath these beautiful trees and under the ancient skies, I have felt that I have been sitting under the influence of the Spirit. Prayer is sitting under,—the influence of the Spirit. Blessed is this evening when we, sisters and brothers, are met together with trusting hearts in this beautiful spot under the influence of the Spirit.

Many years ago, when I was in England, one sweet little English girl came to me and said to me :—"Teach me what to pray."

I said to her :—"My child! the Spirit alone may teach us what to pray."

But she said :—"You must speak to me : you must give me some words which I may recite everyday!"

And I passed on to her the words of an ancient *rishi* :—"Out of darkness lead me into light!" And I said to her :—"Recite these words and, in silence, meditate on their meaning."

I was staying with the parents of this girl : I was a guest in their house. One day, I looked into a little room and saw her sitting,—this sweet English girl,—and she was lisping the words :—"Out of darkness lead me into the Light." And she offered the prayer in such sincerity, with such love in her heart, I saw her face illuminated, her eyes aglow with light, and I said to myself :—"I have seen the Face of God."

True it is, that from time to time you see a person filled with the spirit of prayer, and gazing at his face you feel that you see the Face of God.

—From an Address.

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Indifference is a Crime

BY JAMSHED NUSSERWANJEE*

The other day, I met a friend and I asked him whether he had been to see a particular person who was ill. His reply was that for some time past he had been attempting to give up the practice of seeing or meeting persons,—there was no need for it,—and thus eliminate the restlessness occasioned by the longing to meet them. This was, according to him, one of the methods for attaining the spiritual path.

This is just a commonplace instance of how some people have a curious idea of spirituality. One can quite understand if, owing to more important duties, one is not able to meet or go to a sick person. But simply because there is a longing in one's heart to meet a friend or a person, therefore, such a desire should be cut off. This is not spiritual life but absolute indifference.

True freedom means union with the Spirit that exists in all, and it is impossible to imagine that by cutting off the longing to meet a friend any stage of spiritual progress could ever be attained. On the contrary that would be a negation of *yoga*.

Generally, in India, under the shelter of words like "*yoga*," "spiritual life," "attachment," people try to cover up their own mistakes or selfishness.

* Aug. 1 is sacred to the memory of Jamshed Nusserwanjee, a servant of India and Humanity.

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But freedom from desire lies truly in the bondage of friendship or in oneness with all. If non-attachment means separation, it is not spiritual life.

Later on, I came across a person of another type. It appeared that one of her friends who was living next door to her was shifting to another house. I put a question to her whether she would feel the separation keenly by the going away from her neighbourhood of her friend to whom she was so much attached. She quietly replied :— "God has His plans. He desires to teach me through all kinds of experiences. In the vacating of the house by my friend, also, some object is being fulfilled."

This, in my opinion, is a true view of life. If separation has to come then let it, for the love within does not change. It remains. It does not grow cold. It does not lapse into indifference. And as long as there is an opportunity of meeting, as long as there is no clash of higher duty, all obligations of friendship and relationships ought to be fulfilled, for in the fulfilment of obligations, in the perfect demonstration of attachment, lies that true sympathy which is a path to spiritual progress. Happiness comes only when love and sympathy are translated into action at the right moment and in the right manner and not by cutting oneself off from the current of humanity.

Often in daily life we lapse into indifference. We see an accident on the road. Sometimes we stand and give a passing thought or just lend a helping hand. Then we go away and think no more. For instance, we read in the newspapers about war, say, between China and

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Russia, about a hideous tale of murder, a railway or an aeroplane accident, a strike, a struggle between labour and capital, and we criticise or condemn and think our part is done. What I mean is that our understanding of life, in its varied expression, is not intelligent or continuous.

And what we forget is that thoughts are actions and can help a large number of persons at the same time. If even a few persons attempted daily to send out thoughts of love to the people of their city, silently and steadily, many ugly aspects of life would be changed into beauty. Where words fail, where arguments do not prove of any effect, where discussions end in quarrels, silent but strong and continued, peaceful sympathetic and loving thoughts have a great effect upon the minds of the people. Let us remember that a good thought rebounds with goodness on our own selves, and a bad thought rebounds with evil. This is the eternal law which operates and works continually. In these days, for example, a thought like the following will be found to work with great potency :—"May the poor be restrained from violence; may the rich be inspired to sacrifice; let hate be overcome; let love be triumphant."

Indifference is a crime. And it is a pity that we have made a habit of what I may call "passing by." If one looks back at one's own life and ponders over the consequences, one would simply feel stunned. A panacea to many of our ills is the deepening consciousness of our oneness with all through love,—the very antithesis of indifference.

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Pictures and Parables

BY T. L. VASWANI

A rain-drop fell from the skies and, as it was about to sink into the ocean, said:—"It is God's will that I be broken into nothing." Then a shell caught up the drop of rain and, behold, it became a pearl!

The humble become pearls of great price. To live the New Life is to shun the glamour of "greatness" and be a silent servant of the Silent Ones.

* * *

Mary hath chosen the better part,—said Jesus. Better than Martha's. Martha was busy serving Jesus and the disciples. And Mary? She was *sanmukhi!* At the Master's Feet!

Sitting at the Master's Feet is better than so much of what the world calls "service." Action derives its worth from communion. Active life,—the life of service,—has its value in the measure in which it expresses the spiritual.

The active life, says St. Thomas, is better than the life of contemplation in so far as we actually spend in charity the income we derive from contemplation. The "service" of saints grows out of realisation. True service is that which transmits the "influence" of God.

The sun blazes when the air is bright and clear: so God's influence flows into the action which is pure, detached, selfless, offered as a gift of the

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heart to God !

* * *

Banarasi Das was a true *sadhu*. He was a Jain. He lived a clean, pure life. Banarasi Das had battled with his body,—had striven and conquered. And one day, Akbar invited Banarasi Das to the imperial palace at Delhi. The Sadhu came : Akbar stood face to face with a conquerer greater than himself. And when the Emperor asked the Saint to give an *upadesh*, Banarasi Das spoke a few words. It is, perhaps, the shortest *upadesh* (discourse) recorded in history. Banarasi Das said to Akbar :—"Let your food be pure and clean !"

* * *

For years together he dwelt in the forest, meditating and dreaming of the day when he would behold Sri Rama. And one day, came to him the news that the Blessed One was coming to the Forest. And the *bhakta* (devotee) was beside himself with joy.

And he left his little hut and moved out to meet his Master. He moved on for many days. And one day he felt very tired. So he rested in a quiet little place. He rested and meditated,—when suddenly Sri Rama stood before him. But he was absorbed in meditation. His eyes were closed : he did not see that before him stood Sri Rama whom he had longed to behold.

And Sri Rama spoke :—"Behold ! I stand before thee, my *bhakta* !"

The *bhakta* answered not, moved not : the *bhakta* was absorbed in meditation.

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The Unknown Baba

BY J. P. VASWANI

Of a saint of God I have thought, again and again. He was a quiet man,—pure, humble and true. He attended to the ordinary tasks of life as an ordinary man : and those who met him did not suspect that they stood in the presence of a holy man. But the Angels knew it. And, one night, as he was rapt in the ecstasy of communion, the Angels visited him and took the dust of his feet. And as they were about to depart, they said to him:—"O saint of God! let us know what you desire. We fain would leave with you some gift!"

The saint smiled and said:—"I have no desire at all. I have but the longing to love the Lord to distraction!"

And the Angels said to him:—"Do ask for something if only to make us happy. May we leave with you the wealth of the world?"

"Wealth is worry!" answered the saint. "What shall I do with it?"

And the Angels said :—"May we give you power over men?"

"Power is poison. I have no need of it!"

"May we give you the gift of reading the minds of men, of knowing their innermost thoughts and secrets?"

"I read the Book of the Heart," the saint answered. "That is enough for me. It contains the whole science of loving!"

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"May we give you the gift of prophecy, of knowing what the future hides?" the Angels suggested.

"There is no future for me," was the simple answer of the saint; "and there is no past. I live in the eternal now and here! Free am I from the memories of yesterday and the hopes of tomorrow!"

"May we give you the gift of healing?"

"The Name of my Master is a healer," the saint answered.

One after another, the proposals of the Angels were turned down. Then the Angels conferred among themselves and decided to so bless the shadow of this saint that whenever it was behind him, it would radiate health and happiness and peace to all upon whom it fell : but if the shadow fell in front of him, so that he could see it, no such thing would happen. And the saint passed through life not knowing himself how much healing there was in his shadow.

Such an one was even he at whose holy feet I lay this day of sacred memory (July 24th) a wreath of reverent homage. He lived a hidden life in the hidden God. He shunned the limelight of the world. He had no desire to be known of men. He rejoiced in belonging to the rank of the "defeated." He went deeper and deeper within himself. He became a hidden root. God blessed the root and out of it sprang red, red roses of strange beauty and wondrous fragrance.

I saw him first when I was barely out of my teens. I had just passed through a serious illness and was convalescing. I was anxious to go out for a change of climate but felt shy to ask of anyone the favour of hospitality. He learnt of it and

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wrote me a sweet, loving letter. "My son," the letter read, "if you would care to come, I shall gladly share my room and my meals with you. And I shall serve you and be blessed!"

I felt astonished to receive such a letter from one whom I had never seen and who had never seen me. And yet it was not the letter of one stranger to another. Something within me whispered that he was a long-lost friend, an elder brother of an ancient day. I could not resist the simple invitation. I made ready to leave. And when the train steamed into the platform, I looked for him whom I had not seen before. There he was : I knew it was he! For as I looked at him long and deep, a flame kindled within me and I recognised him! And though it happened many years ago, it still seems as though it was an incident of yesterday.

He greeted me as a father would greet his son. And involuntarily, I addressed him as "Baba." The word means "father." Later on, I learnt that he was called "Baba" in the small circle of devotees who visited him every evening. Not many knew him : very few understood him : some, indeed, called him "mad." But he did not care. He moved on the pathways of life, blessing all, giving the service of love to all who were in need. He thought little of this world : all his heart was devoted to God. Of God he thought : to God he dedicated his daily work : and not unoften I found him communing with God, within the veil of silence, and conversing with Him as a friend would speak to a friend, a servant to his master.

One day, as I sat before him with a look of

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distraction on my face, he asked:—"What are you thinking of, my son?"

And I said:—"Baba! I do not even know what I am thinking of. I do not know what I need in this wide, wonderful world."

He gazed into my eyes, he looked deep into my heart, then said:—"May I tell you, my son, what it is that you need? Your need, your greatest need, your one and only need,—is God!"

"How may I reach Him?" I asked. "How may I draw near to God?"

And he said:—"If you would draw near to God, turn away from all that stands between you and Him!"

"Tell me more," I said to him, "that I may understand the meaning of your words."

And he said:—"God and God alone,—let that be the watchword of your life! You can't have two things,—God and the world. Either you seek God or run after the world. The world will give you many things but will rob you of the peace of mind without which life, even in a palace, becomes a burden. Blessed, indeed, is he in whose heart there is room for nothing save God and whose mind revolves round Him as a planet round the sun!"

"What may a man do to be worthy of God?" I asked him on another occasion.

"Two things," he answered. "(1) He must die to all creatures, and (2) he must die to his passions."

"What is the mark of him," I asked, "who has died to creatures and to his passions?"

And he answered:—"The man who has died to creatures is free from the least taint of attachment.

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Such a man expects nothing from anyone. He passes through life, asking for nothing, claiming nothing, giving gratitude for all that comes to him.

"And the mark of him who has died to his passions is that he has risen above pairs of opposites. Pleasure and pain, loss and gain, sunshine and rain, success and failure, praise and censure, health and sickness, heat and cold, mud and gold,—all, all are alike to him. He seeks not the pleasant : he avoids not the unpleasant. He does not know what it is to love life or to hate death. He rejoices in the Will of God and is not concerned about himself. His will has been merged in the will Divine.

If I were asked to give a brief summing up of the life of Baba, I would say in his own words:—"He was dead to all creatures : he was dead to his passions." He was singularly free from attachment to men and matter. One of his sons was a wayward boy. He had fallen in evil company. Baba tried to draw him to the right path, but the boy appeared incorrigible. And, one day, the news came to Baba that the boy had been caught red-handed by the police and would be packed off to jail. Baba was unperturbed : his face showed not the slightest mark of sorrow or anxiety.

One of his friends, who had influence over the police, offered to help. Baba would not hear of it. "If the boy is sent to jail, the reputation of the family would suffer," the friend suggested.

"Whose family?" Baba calmly asked. "And whose reputation? These things are as shadows on the wall, bubbles floating on water! One thing

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Thus Spake Sri Krishna*

Rendered into English by T. L. Vaswani

August 1 **Comrades of Krishna**

They who are devoted to the welfare of all beings come to Me!

August 2 **One With the Lord**

Freed from passion, fear and anger, absorbed in Me, taking refuge in Me, and purified by the "fires" of knowledge, many have become one with Me!

August 3 **As a Lotus Leaf**

He who abandons attachment and then acts is not stained by sin. He is as a lotus leaf which in water grows but is by water unstained!

August 4 **Abode of Peace**

He who thus doth discipline himself, working by abandoning the fruits of works,—he attains the Peace that passeth understanding.

August 5 **Sacrifice**

The world, alas! is imprisoned in its activity. But free are they whose actions are done as worship of God!

Therefore, Arjuna! do thy actions sacramentally. Offer them as a *yagna*, a sacrifice to God.

August 6 **Renounce the "Fruit"**

To work alone thou has the right, but never to the fruits thereof!

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August 7 **Detachment**

Abandon inaction, yet be not attached to fruits of action!

August 8 **If ye Would be Happy !**

Regard success and failure alike! Unhappy are they who work for results.

August 9 **Mukti**

Abandoning all fruits of action, be thou freed from the fetters of birth and death, and reach that state which is beyond all evils!

August 10 **Self-Control**

Let the sense-storms sweep over thee. Stand thou firm, unafraid! Lose not self-control! So mayst thou regain the Kingdom of the Spirit!

August 11 **O Arjuna!**

Taking as equal pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat, gird thee for thy work,—thy "battle,"—O Arjuna!

August 12 **Immortality**

Never was there a time when I was not. And never wert thou not, nor were these lords of men ever not. Nor will there ever be a time when we shall cease to be!

August 13 **The Atman**

He who thinks the *Atman* slays and whoso thinks the *Atman* is slain,—both these know not !

For know, O knight, the *Atman* cannot slay and the *Atman* can never be slain!

August 14 **Weapons Wound Him Not !**

I say to thee that weapons wound not the *Atman*, and flame consumeth not the *atmic* life. No waters wet or overwhelm the Self, no scorching breath of wind can dry him away!

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Yea,—safe from wound and safe from fire is he, and safe from moisture and from draught alike!

August 15 **The Sage Divine**

In sorrow not dejected, and in joy elated not, and ever free from stress of passion and of anger and of fear,—a sage divine, illumined one is he!

August 16 **Sad Righteousness**

Arjuna! be thou free from that sad righteousness which calculates and is absorbed in the lore of less and more!

August 17 **My Loved One!**

Arjuna! dedicate thyself to the Spirit! Seek thou no gain, and rise above all rites and "books," My loved one! Nor be thou troubled by the priestly lore!

So mayst thou find thy peace in the heart within!

August 18 **Witness**

Who dwells each day, surveying with quiet eyes all that he beholds,—verily, he is My beloved!

August 19 **Stainless and Serene**

Who stainless is and serene, who is not by aught perplexed,—verily, he is my beloved!

August 20 **In Harmony**

Who lives in harmony with the Whole, who each day works with Me, yet is from all work detached,—verily, he is My beloved!

August 21 **The One in All**

I am the sacred smell of this spacious earth. I am the light of the sacred fire. I am the life Divine of all that lives. Eternal seed am I of all that grows!

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August 22 **All Religions are Mine!**

I am in every religion as a thread through a string of pearls.

August 23 **'He Truly Sees**

Who sees the Light, who sees the Lord, in every creature, deathlessly dwelling amid the mortal, —he truly sees!

August 24 **Dedication**

Whetever thou doest or eatest or givest or dost offer as a sacrifice, do that, O son of Kunti, as dedicated to Me.

They who worship Me with love,—they are in Me and I am in them!

August 25 **The Secret**

Only by fullest sacrifice and perfect faith and utmost surrender am I known and seen and communed with, Arjuna!

August 26 **For Love's Sake**

Who loveth all that I have made, who loveth Me for love's sole end,—he, even he, O Prince, abideth with Me for ever!

August 27 **None is Lost**

They who take refuge in the Spirit, even if they be forlorn and lonely, abide in Me and I abide in them!

August 28 **Holy**

Though a man be soiled with the sins of a life-time, let him but love Me! The sinner who loveth Me I regard as holy!

August 29 **Above Good and Bad**

Follow not them who follow virtue for her gifts. Pass above the deeds called "good" or "bad."

[Contd. on page 32]

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Book Reviews

By " Piya "

SPIRITUAL PRACTICES, By Swami Akhilananda. Pub. : Claude Stark and Co., Box. L, Hartford, Vermont 05047, U. S. A. Pp. 225. Price : $ 8.50.

Along with the series of lectures delivered by Swami Akhilananda on spiritual practices, this Memorial edition includes an introductory note on Swami Akhilananda's life by Claude Alan Stark, reminiscences of his friends and reviews of some of the Swami's books.

Swami Akhilananda, founder of the Ramakrishna and Vedanta Society of Boston and the Vedanta Society of Providence, was a unique spiritual leader whose religion, in the words of R. M. Millard, "embraced all religions synthesized in his own" and to whom humanity "embraced all human beings in a universal love ..... in the family of humanity."

Spiritual practices, the author emphasises, are not an end in themselves but are useful only to remove obstacles in the path of God-realisation. Every seeker after God, the Swami insists, "has to take up the auxilary methods according to his or her own inherent tendencies—otherwise if they are forced on anyone, he is likely to rebel and to develop a kind of distaste not only for auxilary methods but also for religion."

A lucid and simple guide to aspirants and sincere devotees of all faiths.

OPEN SPIRIT, By Ladislaus Boros. Pub. : Search Press Ltd., 2–10 Jerdan Place, London SW6 5PT. Pp. 204. Price : £ 2.95.

Those who are familiar with the writings of Ladislaus Boros, one of the eminent spiritual writers of our day, will welcome this book which brings together his "straightforward, lucid yet intellectually resilient meditations on the major influences on his mind and spirit." To others it will be an excellent introduction to his thought.

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All through these potent pages, the author summons us to cultivate virtues and on open mind, a rare combination of which he appreciated in many great men like Socrates, Irenaeus, Erasmus, Thomas Aquinas, Dante and others. Boros writes vividly and deftly, never too much, always just a right amount on each virtue and hero, perhaps too tastefully so.

According to the gifted author, God, the Creator of the whole universe, has but one goal; that is "to lead man to the indestructibility of eternal life." We have but to open ourselves to His Influences and thus embark eternally upward and onward to an endless ascent.

Lifted above sentiment and yet deeply compassionate, we feel *Open Spirit* has much to teach all of us.

MOTHER INDIA'S LIGHTHOUSE : India's Spiritual Leaders, By Sri Chinmoy Ghose. Pub. : Rudolf Steiner Publications, Blauvelt, New York 10913. U. S. A. Pp. 278. Price : $ 2.25.

Sri Chinmoy, author, lecturer, and enlightened sage, presents brief sketches of eminent Indian leaders including Sri Chaitanya, Sri Ramakrishna and Vivekananda, Sri Aurobindo, Bankim Chandra, Chitta Ranjan, Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Vidyasagar and Mahatma Gandhi. His style is clear, simple and conversational.

Under sections entitled "World Philosophers" and "World Poets," the author brings together the most captivating lines from the writings of the great creative intellects of the West and adds his crisp, illuminating comments.

Beautifully produced, in large type, this volume forms an interesting introduction to the great spiritual heroes of India.

COMMENTARY ON THE BHAGAVAD GITA, By Sri Chinmoy, Pub. : Rudolf Steiner Publications, Blauvelt, New York 10913, U. S. A. Pp. 164. Price : $ 1.95.

Beloved Dadaji (Sri T. L. Vaswaniji) regarded the Bhagavad Gita as "a world scripture with a world message." "It is not meant for India alone," he said; "it is a Bible of Humanity."

Shri Chinmoy's commentary on the Bhagavad Gita is full of practical wisdom. The Gita, in the author's significant words, "is the revelation of spirituality. Sooner or

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later all must take to spirituality. There need not and cannot be any compulsion. To force others to accept the spiritual life is an act of stupendous ignorance. A real Guru knows that his is not the role of Commander-in-Chief. He never orders even his dearest disciples. He just awakens and illumines their consciousness so that they can see the truth, feel the truth, follow the truth and finally become the truth."

If the text of the Gita had been added to the book, it would have enhanced its value.

A Rabbinic Anthology, By C. G. Montefiore and H. Loewe. Pub. : Schoken Books Inc., 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016, U. S. A. Pp. 853, Price $ 7·50.

Here is Montefiore and Loewe's one complete presentation with almost all the dissertations on the Talmudic and Midrashic literature "where an introduction to Rabbinic thought is approached through aggadic rather than halakic categories."

Numerous translations of ethical and religious rabbinic quotations which deal with the nature of God and His manifested will, the commandments, Sabbath and the Law, prayer, justice, honesty and truth in oaths, asceticism, gentiles and the Messiah are accompanied by accurate comments with careful and lucid explanations which help to dissolve obscurities of general readers and incipient students.

Appendices, glossary, lists of the sources of the book and an illuminating index add to the usefulness of this tremendous book, both in quality and in quantity.

I Was A Monk, By John Tettemer. Pub. : The Theosophical Publishing House, P. O. Box 270, Wheaton, Ill. 60187. Pp. 255. Price : $ 1.25.

A most intensely phenomenal autobiography of John Tettemer (Fr. Ildefonso) makes this book one of the most extraordinary autobiographies ever written. It has been described as "a remarkable journey through secure faith to anguished doubt and illuminated self-discovery."

In lucid and simple language, the author suggests that despite the inventive and explorative progress of the human race, life will forever remain a supreme mystery. Life,

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according to him, is basically a search for the Truth and the reason of its being.

His being a monk enriched one aspect of his life. But, as he found that life in a monastery did not embrace the entirety of his being, he felt an intense urge to experience life on the other side of the monastery walls as well.

THE LOVE OF POWER OR THE POWER OF LOVE, By Philip Potter. Pub. : The Fellowship of Reconciliation 9, Coombe Road, New Malden, Surrey KT3 4QA. Pp. 20.

This little booklet contains the text of the Alex Wood Memorial lecture delivered by Philip Potter, a West Indian Methodist Minister, now serving as General Secretary of the World Council of Churches.

In his illuminating address, he describes power as "the capacity to do something new, unexpected, creative, as part of our inescapable relations with others," and love "as self-giving for others most signally manifest in forgiving."

WHAT IS ADVAITA ? By P. Sankaranarayanan. Pub. : Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. Pp. 242. Price : Rs. 3/–.

The literal meaning of the word "advaita" is "that in which there is no twofoldness." According to Advaita philosophy, everyone and everything is a vesture which God has put on to manifest Himself.

The book has two sections. The first is an exegesis of Advaita and the second has appendices dealing with the translations of articles in the *Advaitāksaramālikā* and explanations of the *Manīsā Pancaka* and *Dakshināmūrti Stotra*.

This simply written and comprehensive book gives a good glimpse into the principles and truths of Advaita Vedanta.

The Unknown Baba [Contd. from page 20]

only is real. It is the Will of God. And whatever He wills is for our good. If God's Will takes the boy to jail, it will surely do him good."

The boy was sentenced to a brief imprisonment. It did him good, Today the boy is an honest citizen of India, earning enough to maintain his family, grateful that he was once sent to jail!

[*To be contd.*]

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News and Notes

By " Gulshan "

Out of Darkness Into Light !

Guru-Purnima is the day sacred to the memory of Veda Vyas, who is believed to be the *Adi Guru*, the very first Guru of India. Year after year, in memory of Veda Vyas, devotees worship their Gurus with flowers, incense-sticks and coconuts.

This day, the 23rd of July, was celebrated very enthusiastically at the Mira Campus. Devotees from far and near came together at the Mira Campus to seek blessings at the Lotus-feet of their Guru,—Beloved Dadaji. The devotees and students of the Mira Institutions placed incense-sticks at Beloved Dadaji's Lotus-feet, breathing out an aspiration that they too might burn with zeal for the Truth, with compassion for the needy and, like the incense-sticks, consume themselves at his Lotus-feet, in fragrance !

At the evening fellowship meeting, Beloved Dadaji spoke to us concerning the need for a Guru. He said :— "The one prayer found in every scripture is, 'Lord, lead me out of darkness into Light !' The darkness is the world-bewitching *maya*. In order to be released from the clutches of *maya*, we need a Guru. The light of a thousand moons and a million suns cannot dispel the darkness of *maya*, that the Guru can. For the Guru is the light that enables us to distinguish between the Real and the unreal. The Guru leads us out of this dark world into the Realm of Light !"

On the sacred Guru-Purnima, the disabled children were taken around the different parks of the city. They were also fed and given a dress each, out of a donation received for the purpose from Mrs. Krishna P. Vaswani, in sacred memory of her dear, departed son, Dr. H. P. Vaswani, a gifted engineer with a tender, compassionate heart, who lost his life, this day, ten years ago, while trying to help some labourers.

A God-intoxicated Soul

The 24th of July is sacred to the memory of one who

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lived a hidden life in the Hidden God and who, in love and reverence, was called Baba (Father). Year after year, at the Mira Campus, on this sacred day, some devotees get together and recite from the *Japji Sahib*, which was very dear to the heart of Baba.

At the evening fellowship meeting, Brother J. P. Vaswani spoke to us concerning the life of this great soul, with whom he drew in close contact. He said :—"Our consciousness moves in lower *chakras* (centres). Therefore, have we become prisoners to our desires. When we break our thraldom to the lower self (ego), we shall be intoxicated with the vision of the Beauty of the Beloved. Baba lived a life of intoxication. He was a God-intoxicated soul. He carried an aura of peace wherever he went. For he had merged his will with the Will Divine."

Elsewhere in this issue appears a brief sketch of this man of God from the pen of Brother J. P. Vaswani.

We Pass Through this World but Once !

Beloved Dadaji said, "Only two things are necessary for spiritual advancement :—(1) realise that all things are transient,—all things pass away; and (2) give brotherly love and compassion to all." Both these qualities were blended in the life of Dr. Motwani, an orthopaedic Surgeon, who passed away in London on the 13th of July, 1965.

At the fellowship meeting on the morning of the 13th of this month, Brother J. P. Vaswani paid a warm tribute to the memory of Dr. Motwani. He said :—"Though Dr. Motwani passed away ten years ago, he continues to be remembered by many with love and reverence. To live in the hearts of those you love, is not to die. For Dr. Motwani to live was to love,—the mark of true love being service. He served his patients : he served needy students : he served flood-victims. In them all he sought to behold the pictures of his Master. Dr. Motwani was a surgeon who worked in the presence of God, offering all his work to the Lord at the altar of suffering humanity."

Dr. Motwani's life may be summed up in the words of R. L. Stevenson :—"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow-creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again !"

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Congratulations

The great work,—social, educational, cultural and spiritual,—started by Beloved Dadaji, 44 years ago, in Sind-Hyderabad, and re-started in Poona in 1949, after the partition, is growing from more to more under Beloved Dadaji's ever-living guidance, and the blessings of the patron Saint,—St. Mira.

Year after year, the Mira Schools have been showing excellent results at the S. S. C. examinations. This year, too, the students' efforts have been blessed by rich success. The St. Mira's High School showed 96.43% result in the New Course, and 95.55% in the Old Course. The St. Mira's English-Medium School showed 100% results in the New Course and 97% in the Old Course.

Our congratulations to Mrs. V. J. Hiranandani, Principal of St. Mira's High School, Miss I. G. Malani, Headmistress of St. Mira's English-Medium School, and their energetic and able band of teachers who, in addition to improving the academic standards of students, are putting forth their best efforts to inculcate among them qualities of character. Education, according to Beloved Dada, should aim at character-building.

Dada Yagna

The *Dada Yagna* is a monthly feature of the Brotherhood Association. This month, *Dada Yagna* fell on the 5th. The celebrations included *Akhand Path* of *Guru Granth Sahib*, Beloved Dadaji's discourses, recitations from various scriptures, *Namkirtan Prakirma* in which the schools and College students also participated, kindling of the sacred *havan*-fire and service of the *Daridra Narayana* and needy *sufed-posh* sisters. The *sufed-posh* sisters received packets of onions, potatoes, tea-leaves, sugar, match-boxes, and a rupee-note each.

At the evening fellowship meeting, hundreds of devotees gathered in the Mira Hall to listen to Beloved Dadaji's inspiring *upadesh* on the tape. Beloved Dadaji's mesasge was :—"The true blessing of life does not lie in having wealth, power, fame or possessions; for these things are transient. He is truly blessed who is drawn, as are iron filings to a magnet, towards the Satsang, where one may sit at the Lotus-feet of the Lord's near and dear ones, and chant His Holy Name !"

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A Simple, Sacrificial Life

The 19th of this month was celebrated from morning till late at night, with great enthusiasm and devotion on the Mira Campus, as the Shanti Yagna day. The programme commenced with early morning worship. The needy school students were given sets of note-books worth about Rs. 2,200/–, for the new academic year. Later in the day, a few devotees visited the Home for the Orphans, and served the young and old there. Fruits and toys were distributed among the needy patients in the Childrens' Ward of the Sassoon Hospital.

At the evening fellowship meeting, Brother J. P. Vaswani paid a warm tribute to Sister Shanti. He said:—"Sister Shanti ever aspired to the True, the Good, the Beautiful, the Holy. In her simple, sacrificial, inconspicuous life was a beautiful blend of contemplation and compassion. She spent several hours in silence at the Lotus-feet of the Lord and dwelt on His wonderful attributes. One day I asked her, in what her prayer consisted? And she answered:—'In contemplating the beauty of God and in rejoicing that the Beloved is so beautiful!' And coming out of her silence, she beheld the beauty of God in everything around her, in everyone who met her. Homage to her!"

Pictures and Parables [Contd. from page 15]

Then Sri Rama entered into his heart. The *bhakta* saw his Master's Face in his heart, and then opened his eyes and saw Sri Rama before him.

Such is the law ! First the inner, then the outer. See the Lord in your heart first. Then may you see Him in nature and history.

Thus Spake Sri Krishna [Contd. from page 24]

August 30 **The Way**

Arjuna! give thou to Me thy heart! Invoke My aid and serve Me! And cling to Me in faith and love! And offer reverence unto Me! So shalt thou come to Me!

August 31 **The Word Supreme**

Arjuna! this be My word supreme the thee :— Let go thy rites! Let go thy forms and creeds! Make Me thy single refuge, child!

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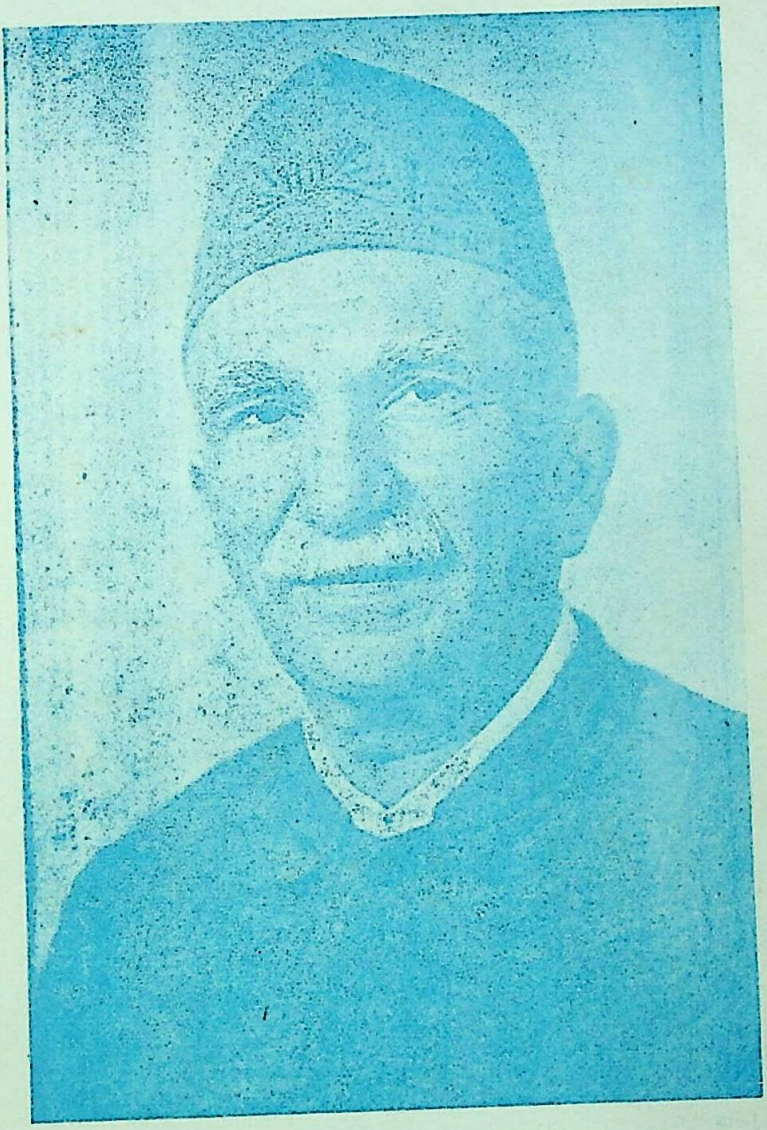

JAMSHED NUSSERWANJEE

Bring the light of joy into the life of all you meet, and you will create a new world.

— *Jamshed Nusserwanjee*

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Editor : J. P. VASWANI

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